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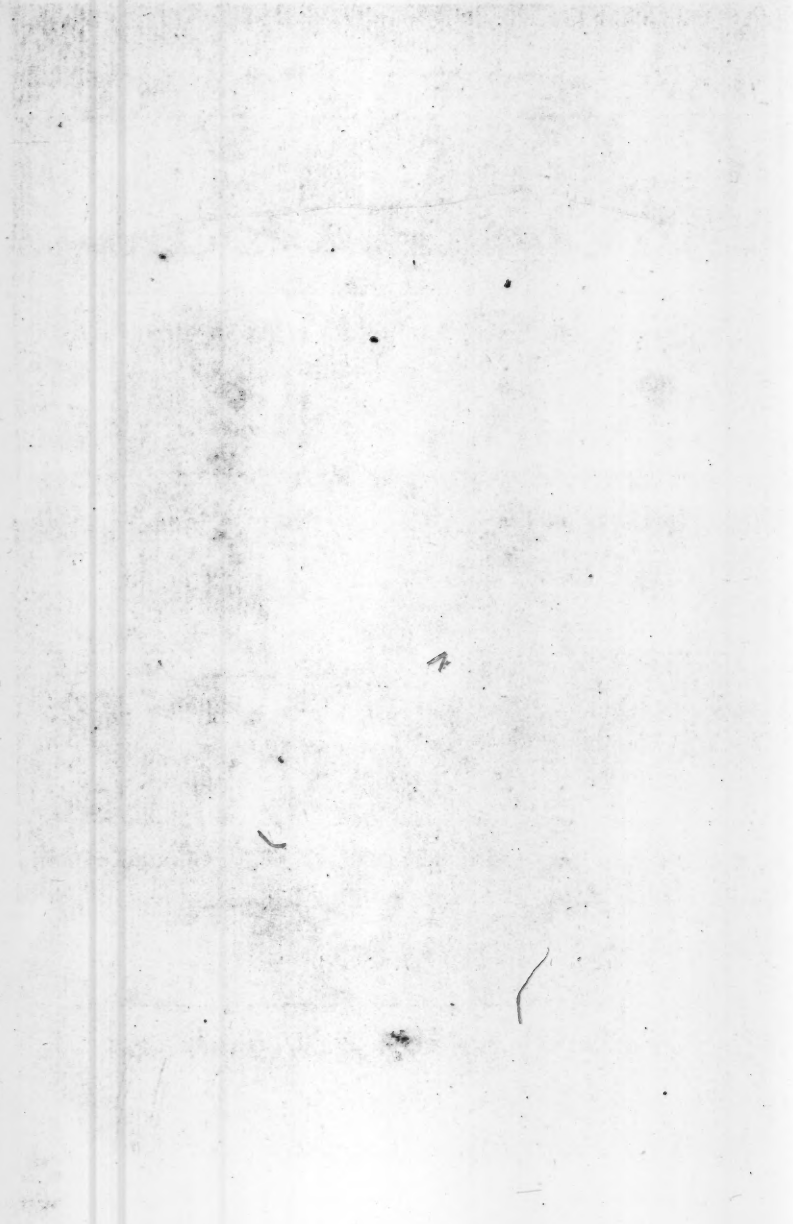
The Raging Devil
BOUND
A Modern Farle.

Per Philocomarum.
First Edition.

Il legibus nocens, & falsi auctoratus, inter alia belli
periculum Senatorem recuperare — Seren-
ditudo in alios artifice discordia, & pater-
nitas, raptor largitor, pace possessor, nulla
sua pateritas. G. Tac.

AMSTELODAMI.
In the Theatre Amstelredamensis, 1669.

10/11/1911
 10/11/1911
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To Sir John James, Sir Will. Greene, Sir
Sam. Starlyn, Sir John Forth Sheriff of
London; John Breden, John Bucknall,
Aldermen; Emery Hill, Esq; with
the rest of the Worshipful Corporati-
on of Brewers.

Having lately an Occasion that
called me into the Country about
a small Affair, relating to a
Member of your Company, I there ac-
cidentally had an opportunity to behold the
Great Houses of Charity belonging to
your Corporation; amongst the rest, I vi-
sited two Almes-Houses, and two Schools,
in which Schools I found many expert
and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and witty Boyes, and very oppertunely came to be a Spectator of a Play Acted by the Boyes of one of the Schools, which was performed beyond belief, for such Actors whose business is not Playes; and then beholding the good Order and Method of the Government of the Schoole and Almes-Houses, and the decent provision for the Poor; and then reflected back, and beheld the Sterne that guided them, (which are you Worthy Gentl men) and there I found not onely your Care to preserve the Ancient and Noble Acts of Charity of your Predecessors, even in the worst of Times, but observed your great Industry, Wisdom, and Discretion in making Additions daily for the relief of your Poor, and adding greater strength to your Corporation, as you lately have done by renewing your Charter; nor are you onely prudent amongst your selves, but are thought
fit

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*fit Ministers to be intrusted by State of
a great Branch of his Majesties Revenue,
which is so discreetly managed; that your
Burden is thought light, to former Un-
dertakers; and that Clamour hath ceased,
which was wont to be heard in the Streets.
And such is your Loyalty, that in great
straits, who more ready are to advance
Money from your thriving Banks; nei-
ther can I forget your former Activeness
to advance the Kings Restauration, when
by your Politick and hazardous Under-
taking, you stopt all the Excise Duty, which
was the ruine both of Lambert, Army,
and Committee of Safety, which pur-
chased a Prison to some of you, and
others great trouble; but I fear I am
to blame to undertake to sift out your
Worth, and therefore onely beg the fa-
vour, that your Boyes may accept my Piece
of Play, which is the first that ere I writ,
and*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

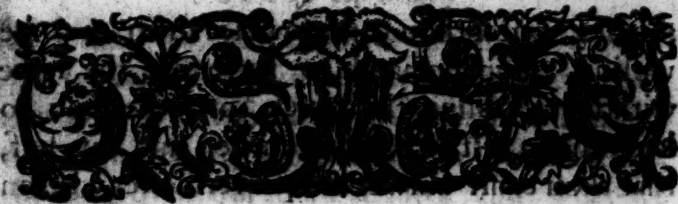
*and bring near Christmas Holidiaies, I
hope their Master will give them leave
to Act it; until my other Play be finished,
which is now on the Stocks, and will be quick-
ly Printed, until then I take my leave, and
subscribe my self,*

Your

Old Servant,

C. F.

TO



TO THE READER.



It hath always been observed, that the Maxims of Reason are in themselves coherent; and that the Methods of Fortune in her several progresses, have been as varying as the vicissitudes of humane Affairs in themselves; from whence we may conclude *Arctura* ill Fortune (taking her still as a Goddess) never crush'd any man whom *Fortuna* the good Goddess had not first deceived: I therefore advise thee (my Friend) never to give a credit to those smiles which are primarily deceitful; for, although they pretend friendship and peace, yet whatever proceeds thence, are but temporary advantages, that with *Proteus*, change face every

B

Minute:

To the Reader.

minute : but if thou canst so place them, as to be willing upon demand to surrender the same without troubling thy quiet, or otherwise to keep such a distance between her and thy self, that thou canst answer all perversities with an *Omnia mea mecum porto* ; then thou wilt at least seem *plusquam victor*, more then a Conquerer. He knows not his own strength who never tried it ; Adversity brings us into the Ring to wrestle, and makes us, in defence of our Reputation, shew all we can : And if our endeavours prove too weak, *Hercules* will help, Heaven prepares good men with Crosses which are *mala per accidens*, but *malum in se*, evil quatenus evil never happened to a good man. Contraries can never be reconciled, yet lose of their strictness by variety of tempers, for what happens to one, may chance to another, and it is as well in his humour as Reason, what he accounts it, and will make it.

That there is an indispensable Fate that hurries every man to his end, even beyond his own intention ; there is uncertainty in Wisdom as well as Folly, for all is Vanity. When a man deviseth by policy to save himself, that very policy leads him to ruine. Decrees are past upon us, and our own wit often hunts us into the snares

To the Reader.

finies that we would above all things avoid : what we suspect and would fly, that we cannot : what now is an *Asylum*, proves anon a Prison : we design that for a means of our preservation, which proves our destruction ; and what we thought our greatest disadvantage, proves our safety : So that man is the Tennis-ball of Time, sometimes taken from the Plough, to the Throne ; and thence again, on a sudden, dejected to the Prison and a Halser, as if there were such an *Equilibrium* between Felicity and Misery, that no man could avoid being wretched or happy, or both. But not admitting that, yet supposing our selves possessed of *Fortunatus* his Cap, whereby we might enjoy the full accomplishment of our desires, who would be more miserable than he that should cull out his own ways ? What a specious shew carried *Mydas* his wish with it, and how it paid him at last with ruine ? Though God in the Creation of man called a Council *Faciamus*, yet ever since in all things he will work alone, and man must not be of his Councell. I have within the small compass of my few years seen matters so unexpectedly fall out, that they have tutored me in all Affairs, neither to despair, nor presume.

To the Reader.

It is said of *Martinus*, That one day made him
Emperour, the second saw him Ruled, and the
third shewed him Slain by his Souldiers: see
here the slippery State of even the greatest per-
sons; however, it will not despair, because I
have a God; nor dare I presume, because I am
but a man. Take *Seneca's* counsel.

Nunc confidat nimium scirentis

Nemo desinet, maliora lapsus

Miseret ha illis prohibetq; Clothe

Stare Fortunum.

Let none fall in despair to rise,

Nor trust too great Prosperities;

Clothe so mingling both commands,

That neither stands.

Therefore, my old Friend, when I pondered

your other days discourse, wherein you blamed

my miscarriages and misfortunes, reflecting up-

on my imprisonment and necessities, despising

poverty, and a mean estate; I looking upon

your famous Buildings, and great undertakings

in the World, I cast my eye backwards to for-

mer Ages, and there beheld with pity and

admiration those stupendious *Manfoleums* the

Heroes

To the Reader.

Heroes of that time built for the honour of
their Names, and eaten up by the steely Teeth
of Time, or else rest but as Monuments of
their Pride and Luxury. What is become of
Caligula's Bridge over the *Baja*, or the Bicumi-
nated Wall of *Babylon*? No Fortifications can
hold against the cruel devastations of Time:
Who would have thought, that when *Scander-
beg* was laid in his Tomb, the *Turks* should af-
terwards rifle it, and wear his Bones as precious
Relicks, or Jewels to support their Valour?
We are so far from leaving any thing certain to
Posterity, that we are not sure to enjoy what
we have while we live. Nay, sometimes we
live to see greater changes in our own time, then
we could ever imagine to happen to our Off-
spring for the future, according to that of
the Poet.

*Who hath not heard of Cræsus heaps of Gold,
Yet knows his Foe did him a Pris'ner hold?
He that once awed Syccilia's proud extent,
By a poor Art could Famine scarce prevent?*

Have you not seen strange things happen of late
years? who durst within less then a *Lustrum*
have

To the Reader.

have told the late Lord Chancellor, that he should be forced to abscond himself from the peoples rage? or that Brunkard should have fled for so heinous miscarriages? Were they not both great and thinning, not to say Stars, but Meteors? Who, till of late, durst have walk'd the Exchange, and reported, that the three Brothers B----s would be Prisoners in the Kings Bench, with many other Aldermen, some of them England's Crossfusses, as they were thought, for their great Wealth? Who would have thought such a destroying Plague, mischievous War, and calcining Fire, should not have awakened our sinful Nation? but all these have prevailed nothing.

To begin therefore a Reformation, let us (my Dear Friend) advance it in our selves, and so *ex particularibus generalia*, by uniting Particulars we shall make it General. For my own part, I am resolv'd by the assistance from above, to preferre honest Adversity, before undue Prosperity. Although *Prosperum & felix nefas virtus vocatur*, & *Probitas laudatur & alget*, however the titular honour of Prosperous Villany hath not prevailed against the withering Laurel of Praised Honesty; for from hence it comes to pass, that wise men chose goodness, and

To the Reader.

and Vertue attended with Affliction, and the burthens of unpleasing Accidents, rather than Vice waited on, and garlanded with all the soft demulsions of a present contentment. Hereof might be produced many Examples, one only I will name, which is of *Socrates*, who being committed to custody by Publick Authority (though unjustly) would neither attempt to break Prison, nor offer any violence, or indignity to Justice; to purchase his Life or Liberty. The rules of Vertue are not perfectly to be learned without a severe Tutor: The Rod of Discipline, and the Fire of Affliction can onely scour us from our dross, and burn off all our rust; and hereby the faithful learn all those other excellent perfections, accompanied with other glorious Graces.

I confesse this, *rara avis*, a great novelty to see a Rich or Potent man Religious, for Religion (*a religando*) binds up, and restrains, whereas Richestempt and prompt to licentious Libertinism. Our Saviours Parable of a Camel passing a Needles Eye, was *durus sermo*, but himself explained the Text: When wealth abounds, men seldom come by sufferings to be sober; they buy out their penance, and cast

To the Reader.

cast over-board those Considerations that should make them serious. They are so swelled by the slavish humors of their Attendants, and so elated by the crouchings of all about them, that inveloped with sensuality, they not only miss of knowing themselves, but others; and by the pravity of their weak Nature, are so set on the solaces of this life, that they seldom have time to think of another, or better. There is most commonly a Worm in the fairest Fruit, which makes it decay. The best inclinations of humane Nature are vitiated by Pride, which sooner scileth the Peacock with his beautiful Train, then the lean bald-Coot. Old *Jacob* begged but only Food and Rayment, and *Agar* prayeth directly against Plenty; and though *Solomon* was so wise as not to ask it, yet we see, when he had it, it had well-nigh eaten out all his wisdom. But, there is one thing in wealth which fascinates beyond all these, in that it is apt to seduce a man into a *quæritia*, a love of himself, and a self-conceit of his wisdom; whence haply it might be, that when *Simonides* was asked which was best for man, Wealth or Wisdom, he made a scruple, as doubting what answer to give; and the reason was, as he said, *That he had often observed wise men wait*
and

To the Reader.

and attend at the houses of rich men: but alas, if waiting in this age were all, it would be excusable; but the pride of our Great Ones is so exorbitant, that after a tedious attendance, at last comes an answer indeed, but so full of disdain and tyranny, that would affright the hearer. And this might be the cause of what one said, That a rich Tyrant is the worst of all wild Beasts; and a rich Christian, one of Christs Wonders. Nihil honestius, saith Seneca, magnificentiusque quam pecunias contemnere si non habeas, ad beneficentiam libertatemque conferre; If we have not wealth, 'tis Noble and Princely not to be fond after it; but far more Heroick, if we have it, to sow it into Charity and Benificence: but, whether so or no, 'tis the custom of the World, to magnifie the wealthy man, though of never so mean parts; whereas poverty must be despised, though attended with never so many vertuous Qualities; so that to be Rich, is to be three parts of the way onward to perfection, while Poverty is a pavement for the high-minded man to tread on: Gold is the only Covered of Imperfections, is Follies Curtain to hide all defects from the World. VVe in these Times differ from the Ancient Heathen, they

To the Reader.

made *Jupiter* their chief Deity, but we have crowned *Pluto*, on whom wait the mellifonant *Muses*, and worthy *Graces* for hire; *Mercury* is his Messenger; *Mars* musters under his Banner for pay; *Venus* becomes his Prostitute; and *Cupid* himself, that blind, but powerful *Numen*, yet can do no feats, but with his Golden-headed Arrow. 'Tis Money makes a Gentleman, an Alderman, or Poet Laureat, as may be read in witty Sir *John Sucklin* his Session of the Poets; as also excellently well described by *Petronius*.

*The money'd man can safely sail all Seas,
And make his Fortune as himself shall please;
He can wed Danae, and command that now
Acrisius self that fatal match allow;
He can declaim, chide, censure, Verses write,
And do all things better than Cato might;
He knows the Law, and rules it; hath, and is
Whole Servius, and what Labeo would possess:
In brief, Let rich men wish, what ere they love,
Will come: they in a lock't Chest keep a Jove.*

Now is the time whereof *Diogenes* foretold, when he gave a reason why he would be buried groveling, We have made the Earths bottom powerful to the lofty skie,
Gnd

To the Reader.

Gold that lay buried in the lowest parts, is now made the head of all our enterprises; yet after all, I for my own part look upon wealth without worth, but as a rich saddle upon an Asses back.

As to my Restraint, which is another Joynt whereon you insisted, I am almost of Cicero's opinion, *Non nobis solum, sed ad decus & libertatem nati sumus*. The greatest Prince that ever was produced by Woman, comes into the World insanguined, and is a poor resistless Slave to the first Arms he falls into. Imprisonment is not such a mischief as the World ignorantly reputes it: the greatest of it is, in that the Eye is debarred from the delight of the Worlds variety; yet is not this total, but in part and local only; for to a good man, a prison is no more then a place of retiring and sequestration from the world, which many both of the wisest and greatest have voluntarily taken upon themselves, witness, *Demosthenes, Dioclesian, Charles the Fifth, &c.* besides many other, whose Examples would be without number. Now, although by this kind of pleading, we alleviate the cruelty of Fate, yet Nature pleads for Liberty; and though Command may be easie, yet sometimes

To the Reader.

they grate and gall; yet still if we appeal to the mind of man, it will affirm, That it is better being a King, though in a Tub, then to be a Slave in a Palace roofed with Gold. If then I have Liberty (which is so generally esteemed) I will rest in the Priviledges that accrue by it: And if I want it, yet will I satisfy myself with the benefits that attend that want, so that in either estate, I will make Content my fellow.

Dear Friend, give me leave to hope for this Liberty; although haply, you will say, hope many times falls short, and therein proves a mans greatest Enemy, according to that of the Wise Man, Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; yet is it not to be denied, that this very Hope is the miserable and afflicted mans chiefest refuge and shelter, which doth in the hardest gripe of Calamity never faile to yield him beams of Comfort. How many had sunk and perished under the pressure of their troubles, had not Hope sustained them? Nay, who surrounded with Calamities would not despair, if smiling Hope did not cheer him with expectation of deliverance. To this purpose is an ingenious Epigram of *Tibullus*.

Hope

To the Reader.

*Hope Flatters life, and says shee'l stil bequeath
Better, else I had cur'd all ills by death ;
Through this the Farmer doth his Grain commit
To earth, which with large use replentieth it.
The Snares, the Birds, and Fishes as they glide,
Catch at smal hooks, that cozening baits do hide.
Hope cheers the shackled Pris'ner, who while's thigh
Rings with his Chain, yet works and sings on high.*

Sir, I will end this Discourse; only first, I must put you in remembrance of your unkindness of upbraiding me of your Favours done to me since my Troubles; If Love (as the word of Truth affirms) will cover a multitude of Sins; Friendship, which is the perfect growth of Love, ought, without peradventure much more to hide infirmities. Whoever doeth a Courtesie to another, and after upbraids him with it, expecting a return, is certainly kind only to himself: who looks for a requital, serves himse'f, not me: If he often recount the Favours he hath done me, thereby he cancels the debt I owed him, files off the chains that kept me his Prisoner, and with his Tongue unlooseth the fetters his hands had put on. If I be able to do a courtesie, I rebate it by repeating, and blot it out when I go about to Text it; and the Receiver becomes

To the Reader.

becomes unworthy of it, if he forget it. It was thus long since declared by the sententious *Seneca*, *Beneficii inter duos lex est, alter statim obliuisci debet dati, alter accepti nunquam; Qui dedit beneficium taceat, narret qui accepit*; Between two Friends it is the Law of Kindness, That he that doth it forgets it presently; but, he that doth receive it, never: Let him that bestows it, be silent; but, let him that takes it, speak thereof: He that blows a Trumpet at his Alms-giving is a *Pharisee* in Friendship, and intitleth himself to the check which *Martial* bestowes on talking *Posthumus*, (wherewith I will conclude).

*What, Posthumus, thou hast done, I'll nere forget,
Why should I smother't, when thou trumpetst it?
When I to any do thy gifts relate,
He presently replies, I heard Him say't;
Some things become not two, here one may serue;
If I must tell, do thou thy self reserve.
Believe me, Posthume, though thy gifts be vast,
They perish, when the Authors Tongue runs wast.*

Drammatis

Drammatis Personæ.

P *Luto.*

Proserpine.

Sir Edward Lack-Latine,

Size Ace.

Pist-fall.

Instrument.

Shackels.

Capt. Brandy.

Capt. Bub.

Want-Practise.

Ordinary or Bishop.

Intelligence.

Tipstaff.

Sir Foulmouth unlearned.

Survibus.

Capt. Honesty.

Lieut. Well-meaning.

Mr. Meerly-drawn-in.

High Constable.

Magna Charta.

Mrs. Sorrow.

Sir Empty-Scull Fore-man of the Jury.

Capt. Bluster.

Capt. Want-Credit.

Col. Plunder.

Capt. Tripan.

Capt. Bulsany.

Capt. Indigent.

Capt. Kick-a-Tan.

Capt. Priviledge.

Capt. Sponge.

Capt. Ignorance.

Capt. Fluttrer.

} Jurors.

Prologue.

Prologue.

WHat need our *Work* a Prologue? *shall it*
Be deck'd, when none knows what to call it?
It is, you may be bold to say,
No Tragy-Comedie, no Play;
For none but Pluto's Courtiers are
Vilians and Tripan's Act it here:
Nor yet a Farse you can it call,
That hides, but this uncovers all;
Cruel Lust the good man kills,
Fraud the Court-Triumphant fills;
And they hate even those they kiss;
Good men ill rewarded is;
And the Chaste are poor, while Vice
Lords it by Adulteries:
And when they have performed this Play,
Our Poet will work the other day;
And he'l once more betray their Guiles,
And Counter-plot their chiefeſt Wiles.
Yet, truly Friends, I've no intent
Yet to be held a Fool in Print.

Actus



Actus I. Scen. I.

Enter *Shackles*, *Cap. Brandy*,
and *Cap. Bub*.

Shac. **N**OW you Rogues, here is like to be brave times,
the Sword, the Sword, and Liberty.

Bub. What Sword? what Liberty?

Shac. Why Sirrah, to lie with thy Wife, or *Brandy's*
Wife: here is my Commission, you sons of sinners; read,
I am, in short, Marshal General by Commission from ---

Bub. No body: Pox on't, *Brandy* let's be gone, this is a
Brandyntian lie or Commission; wee'l not venture hanging
under such a preheminenc, Priviledge and Profit.

Brac. If this be your great preferment, I have the same,
it cost me Five Pounds when I first marched under *Pluto*;
you told me there was a new Court to be erected, and that
Coffo-Philo's House should be plundered.

Shac. Peace you thick scull'd slave, look who's there:
even *Pluto* himself with his Privy Councel. *Let us withdraw.*

Exeunt.

B

Enter

Enter *Pluto*, *Sir Foulmouth* unlearned,
Lack-Latine, or *Law-Practice*,
 and *Instrument*.

Pluto, By your favour, *Sir Foulmouth*, I am, for your *west-*
minster-Hall Dammee. Do you think that I will be a bubble
 to your hooks : my Sword ever hated a damned English
 Jury.

Sir Foulmouth, Give me leave to give you your 200 *l.* and
 I am gone; I wish I could as well part with my *Dub*, as I can
 give you your 200 *l.* I would never be for you more : yet be
 rul'd, and I will put you in a kind of an Arbitrary way.

Pluto, As much as you can : but give me my 200 *l.* again;
 then go drink all night, and the next morning forget 'tis a
 Hall-day, Lose your Clyents Cause, 'tis not the first time
 you took a Fee, when you did not understand your *breviate*.

Sir Foulmouth, Then farewell *Pluto*, I believe you will find
 the bold *Britain* at *Gray-Inn* of my mind. — *Exit*.

Pluto, He is gone; and now he is gone, what is he but a
 blackmouthed bawling senseless fellow, one that can only
 throw dirt on an honest Witnests without *Caveres*. Law he
 hath none : but why do I rage? I am resolved to take thy
 counsel, Dear *Lack-Latine* and *Practice*, and you *Instru-*
ments will be a great advancer of our design, therefore let us
 go in and settle our Affairs.

Exeunt.

Scen. II.

(3)

Scen. II.

Enter *Sice-Ace*, and *Pisfal*.

Sice-Ace. Truly Sister *Pisfal*, I did not like *Proserpine's* last nights discourse, I know her birth, she was *Sweet-Scents* daughter, and you were born in *Chester* out of *Saltpeter*, and my self of the *old Charcoal's* Family in *Staffordshire*, and I pray mingle us together, and we are as good as *Gun-powder*, and have been as soon Fired and Blown up as her Highness was: — But I will no longer endure her French tricks: Do you mark how she cogs a Die? O she outstrips you far,
Pisfal

Pisfal. And I always lose on *Sice-Ace*.

Exeunt.

Scen. III.

Enter *Cap. Bluster*, *Cap. Plunder*, *Cap. Ignorance*, with the rest of the Jurors.

Blust. What in his own name? I mean the Devils name, I must speak plain to you *Cap. Ignorance*, I say again, what doth *Plato* intend by our Summons to make us Jury-men? Be it, I am resolved to do nothing without a far Buck out of *Enfield Chase*, and 20 pieces beside: Who do you think is like to be Foreman, marry, Sir *Confident Empty-Scull*, a meer plain Ale Rogue? O, I hate a Rogue that will be drunk with Ale; besides he can neither Write nor Read, neither has wit to know how to say agreed. But hold, here is *Tipstaff* coming, I think, look about you. We shall, I warrant you receive Orders from *Plato's* Court.

B 2

Enter

(4)

Enter *Tipstaff*, with a Warrant, which he reads to them.

Tip. "You Gentlemen Hecks of the Jury are to make your personal appearance to-morrow at 8 a clock in the forenoon exactly at *Pluto's* Court; and I am to desire you, that you will neither drink, nor go to *Spleen* this night, because weighty affairs require your more than ordinary courage: and after your Verdict is delivered, you shall find *Pluto's* Cooks dressing you a good Dinner under the *Sun* next to *Hell Gate*.

Cap. Sponge. Well *Tipstaff*, is this all? what, nothing in hand? then I shall be sick in the morning: I would his Highness had sent *Bub* or *Brandy*, we might have held out with them 6 or 7 hours.

Tipst. Farewel VVorthies of matter of Fact.

Cap. Plunder. Well brother Jurors you remember eight a clock to-morrow. Wee'l not be long upon the Evidence; for *Pluto's* Dinner may then be spoyl'd: me thinks I see Col. *Judgement* and *want-Credit*, knuckle deep in Venison Pasties: in the *interim* lets loose no time: I am for the Sack shop: Farewel.

Omnis. Farewel and be hang'd, that's twice God b'w'y

Exeunt.

Scen. IV.

Enter *Pluto*, *Lack-Latine*, *Practice*, *Instrument*, *Shackles*, *Tipstaff*, *Bub*, *Brandy* and *Surribus*.

Pluto. Let us sit down, and hear the Commission read.

Instrument. Do you read it, and then my dear friends you will thereby understand what Officers and Instruments are designed for you.

Enter

Enter *Proserpine*.

Proserp. What Treason's this black Council of the Deep? Do you intend without my knowledge here to settle your selves, and leave me out? am not I (as the Diverb says) the Grey Mare? what if I lost the other night 100 l. in *Sice-Ace's* company, which by the clack of *Carion Pinfall's* everfitting tongue came to my *Pluto's* ears? did I abate ought of my *grandeur*, or let fall my Pride? And shall I now admit —

Pluto. Patience *Proserpine*, if you'l a while withdraw, you shall find things done answerable to your mind. *Side* —

But friends, are you willing that *Proserpin* shall be joynd with you in the Commission of *Oyer* and *Terminer*? she may do us good service, for she has a notable Head, though at Play her luck be naught, but that *Peccadillo* I have forgiven: speak Gentlemen, are you willing she shall be joynd?

Latine for all. Yes so, if it please your Highness.

Pluto. Then interline her name, and let her sit as one of Us.

Bishop. I first desire to be heard one word, that is, if her Highness offer to speak French, there are 2 or 3 damn'd English Jury-men that will be very cross, and spoil the Verdict, your Highness therefore must engage her to leave off that while she sits in Court.

Pluto. Well moved, and like a Bishop or Ordinary.

Call *Proserpine* in — You are welcom Madam, pray sit quiet till the Commission be read.

Proserp. Tell not me of quiet, before I'll be oblig'd to that, I'll know how I stand in the Commission, or else you shall keep no quiet Sessions here: you know I made a disturbance at a greater meeting than this.

Pluto. Stop a Pin there:

Proserp. What, because you and I were out of favour for it. But proceed to Read if you will.

Pluto.

Plato. You Rascal Cryer, must you be call'd on to do your duty. Make an O yes, and proclaim silence.

Silence being made, the Cryer reads the Commission, as follows.

Cryer. "*Plato and Proserpine*, Lord and Lady of the Deeds of the under world, &c. send greeting: To our Right Trusty and well beloved Sir *Edward Lack-Lazine* my Recorder, "*Poss Practice* my Soliciter General, *Dick Instrument* my Remembrancer, and to our Trusty *Shackles* our Jailor, Cap. "*Bub*, and Cap. *Brandy* Setting-Dogs, and Turn-keys to "*Shackles*, with *Tipstaff*, *Surribus*, *Want-Practice*, &c. Know "*Ye*, That forasmuch as *Truth*, *Virtue*, and a *Quiet Life* is "*like to be promoted against the Interest of our selves by a "*damn'd *Turk* named *Coffo-Philo*. We of our Princely "*Grace and Favour do Authorise you to meet, whereof 3 of "*you to be a *Quorum*, and that you cause Jurors to come "*before you. to enquire the best way to destroy the growth "*of this *Coffo-Philo*, for Reasons best known to our selves. ---

Proserp. Read no further.

Plato. Why? are you pleased Madam?

Prof. No.

Plato. What is the Reason?

Prof. Because all our Titles are not in the Front of the Commission, as Captain General —

Plato. Prethee, Wife, Peace, that Title I dare not own. Mum for that — But M. Recorder tell the Court your opinion, what is the best way to stifle this Heresie of *Coffo-Philo*.

Sir *Edw.* May it please your Highness, I desire to be truly informed whether you will take an Arbitrary way, or what way.

Plato. Any way to do my business.

S. *Edw.* Would your Highness have him so stopt, that he shall never appear.

Plato.

Plato. Pish, I tell you *S. Edward* I would have him stock'd up by the Roots; for if any branches be left, they may first grow to overtop me, and then make me shorter by the Head.

Præ. Let me advise your Highness to Indict him in 17 Indictments, some for his Life, and others for *Forgery*, &c. But you must have some witnesses to swear.

Plato. Why, I my self will swear, who swears more & Dammece I never heard such a question; You *Shackles*, *S. Edward*, and *Bub*, and *Brandy* will all swear: yes and there is *Instruments* an excellent Swearer; you know how diligent he was to get and suborn swearers in wronged *M. Ffion's* Cause.

S. Edw. Spare me a word: what if *Shackles*, with *Bub*, *Brandy*, and others go to *Cassio-Philo's* house, and rife his Closet, seize his goods, and frighten his wife and children; in this attempt you must be sure to send *Cassio-Philo's* Brothers to *Shackles's* house; and when you have entred, you must send some of your Troop to keep Guard there, under pretence of Authority, I will swear he owes me 500 l. and that will colour the work.

Plato. O most excellent *S. Edw.* no more of *Dub*, and 200 l. for a Fee, thou deservest 2000 l.

Præ. Besides, I advise your Highness to imploy *Shackles* with his setting-dogs at a close scent upon *Cassio-Philo* himself; however, enter 13 Actions in your own Court, make use of any bodies name, 'tis no matter, this will hinder his growth.

Plato. Bravely moved *Post-prælice*.

Instrum. I humbly move that the Warrant may be signed, and *Shackles* sent about his work.

Tiptaff. The Jurors are at the door, and are impatient to be gone under the *Sun* next to *Hell*, to their dinner.

S. Edw. Call in the Fore-man, and then discharge them, till to-morrow; hang a little charge, *Cassio-Philo* shall pay all at last.

Exeunt.

Scen. V.

Scen. V.

Enter *Sice-Ace*, *Pisfal*, and the 4 *Tryers*.

Sice-Ace. Sister *Pisfal*, what do you think is the meaning of the Court, that it sits so long? I do mightily want *S. Edw.* and am undone at play with these *Tryers*.

Pisfal. Gentlemen, Phope you will have us to a Play to day, for our Husbands are so busie grown, that we have nothing from them either night or day, but starts in their sleeps; you were telling me Sister how your Husband starts in his sleep.

Sice-Ace. True it is, for he not only starts, but cries out O Conscience! Here I could have you *Cosmo-Philo*. run him through, and then we shall be quiet.

Pisfal. Alas dear sister, And my Husband tother night cryed out, *I am Damned, I will kill Pluto that is the cause of it*. Poor *Cosmo-Philo*, I ask thee forgiveness. — But hear me sister *Sice-Ace*, and you Gentlemen *Tryers*, When I kept a Semstres shop in the *Strand*, but more particularly, when I was an Actress at the Play-house in *Vere-Street*, I was in bed with a Man. (This was before I was marrye.) who laying hold of me, cryed out, *You damn'd whore tis you have undone me*, and alas, I never lay with him but that night, and thus.

Sice-Ace. Fie sister, Did you let out your salt-pit before marriage?

Pisfal. Why Madam, do not I know your good Ladship? but you dare not say so much before your Gallant, the pitiful shabbed *Tryer*.

Tryer. Peace Ladies, Hark! we are called for into Court.

Enter

Enter at one door *Pluto*, with Attendants; at the other, *Shackles*, *Bub*, *Brandy*, and the 4 *Tryers*.

Pluto. There is your Warrant *Shackles*, use your dexterity and art; I know there is *Bub*, and *Brandy*, and all those *Four Gentlemen* will do their parts — I was a dreamt Gentleman, that just such an honest fellow as *Shackles* and you *Gentlemen*, were employed to take *Coffe-Philo*; and, methoughts, one of you did cunningly run his Sword into his Belly, so that he dyed; this was so silyly done, that it was no hard matter to make it Accident: It cannot be termed Murder by any Law, nor so much as Manslaughter, for as our mortal enemy, if he be killed cunningly or foolishly, I can get — you know what I mean: you most excellent friends, farewell, and try what can be done for a friend.

Tipstaff sends for the Jury to come to the Bar.

Tipstaff goes out; and presently returns with the Jury.

S. Edward. May it please your Highness to have the Jury sworn?

Pluto. Yes, give them their Oaths.

Tipstaff. *S. Confident Empty-Skull*, come to the Book.

"You shall well, but not truly try the matter in question named in the Indictments between our L. *Pluto*, and *Coffe-Philo*, and such a Verdict give, as may take away his Life and Goods, and destroy him root and Branch. So help you *Pluto*. Kiss this Carbine and Belt.

Cap. Bluster.

Cap. Wamelevidis.

Col. Blunder.

Cap. Trapan.

Is not here inough at a time?

(10)

S. Edw. No, all to the Book at once.

Tapst. Cap. Bully-Samy.

Col. Indigent.

Cap. Ricks-a-Law.

Cap. Priviledge.

Cap. Sponge.

Cap. Ignorance, and

Cap. Flusterer.

S. Edw. "The same Oath your Fore-man hath taken,
"you for your parts shall well and truly keep. *So help you*

Pluto, or a Pay-day.

Prast. "Gentlemen Hecks of the Jury, *Coffo-Philo* stands

"here Indicted for that he being no Soldier, nor in Pay, nor

"Roll, departed from his Colours against the Statute Anno-

"tertio Hen. 8. cap. 5. We will prove him guilty of that

"Statute, no matter for his being in the Roll, or being no

"Soldier, or not in pay: To prove this, his Highness swears,

"and *Instrument*, and many others.

S. Edw. Give his Highness the Book.

Pluto, Damme'te true, what is it you mean?

S. Edw. Now swear *Instrument*.

Insr. I do swear, (because I dare do no other) that his

Highness swears true.

Pluto. Gentlemen of the Jury, I desire to take a General

Oath to all the Indictments at once, and *S. Edw.* and *Insr.*

will do the like.

Jury. That shall serve, for tis past twelve.

Cap. Bluff. And I have taken but a pipe of Tobacco to-

day.

The Oath.

Pluto, S. Edw. and *Insr.* swear. "We do swear, that the

whole contents of these 17 Indictments are true.

Fore-man of the Jury. We have evidence enough, let us

deliver our Verdict.

Jury?

Jury. Agreed. ~~under a ban~~

Tipstaff. A *Verdict*.

Cap. Want. Hold M. Fore-man, who pays the *Jury*?

Cap. Indlg. I will be paid, before I agree to deliver the *Verdict*.

Cap. Blaster. *Verdict* not me, for I'll no *Verdict* till after Dinner, and Money.

The rest of the lary. And so we say all, except our Fore-man Empty-skull.

Plow. You are very bold with the Court; either deliver your *Verdict*, or I'll send you to *Shackles*.

Proserp. I, do Husband. *fort bene sei mon Dieu, mon Dieu Cocken d'Angletere.*

Cap. Priv. Madam, what is that you say, *Dien Gwin Cuckole*. I am half a *Brittain*; I do say you curse us in down-right stark *Welsh*: *Dien Gwin*, is *white Gull*; but as you pronounce it, it is *Rigue in white*; *Glyve* and *Cocken*, is a *meer Cuckold of the Mountains*: give me the price of the *whisk* I gave your Ladiship when I gave 5 *l.* to boot, besides 12 *l.* 10 *s.* for Belt, Hoofe, and Feathers, and I will quit the Troop presently: I observed when we were sworn, it was on a *Carbine* belt; I knew, and told some of my fellows then, we should have a *French* exaction on us.

Cap. Ignorance. I protest when I saw it, I began to think--

Cap. Want-credit. Madam, as brisk as you call us in *French*, you will give us leave to ask our own in *English*: Pray Madam, give me the Diamond Ring that was my Grand-mothers, which I gave you to come into the Troop, and I will quit it presently.

Cap. Fluster. Then Madam, let me speak too; for I gave 50 *l.* besides riding six months for nothing, and yet paid for my preheminiencies, profits, and priviledges, Belt, Hoofes, and Feathers, and Arms to the Adjutant. Give me but my 50 *l.* and I will say such a prayer, which I will leave in charge to my posterity; it shall be but short, these 3 or 4 words,

from being under the Command of *Pluto*, and his Emisaries,
Goodness Defend us.

Proserp. My Husband, *se la set un frepone.*

Col. Plund. Ha Madam! have I caught you, calling us
names in *Irish*? *Hone*, is *mutinous Rogue*; I do speak in be-
half of some of my brother Jurors, pay us but the 18 Months
we rid in the Troop for nothing, wee'l never trouble you
more; then we say *farr inter*, or *farr faire*, French Madam:
I think I have plundered you of some of your *French*.

Cap. Kick-a-tan. Well concluded brother *Plunder*, and in
your own name too. That's most like an old Jury-man, as
much as to say, I could *Kick* -- you may imagine, and -- *tan*
were he either *Pluto* or *Pan*.

Pluto. Jurors withdraw.

Cap. Bluff. You mean for altogether sure; Farewel: well
this — Employment makes good the old Proverb, If the De-
vil set at work, he will pay wages too.

Pluto. Jurors withdraw.

Cap. Bluff. You mean for ever; for I find the Proverb
good, as I said before, the Devils wages! As for my dear
Brother Hecks, and Jury-men, do but observe, now his
turn is served, he cares not for us, we may go hang our selves.
I am sure honest men will not keep us company, they know
how we have forsworn our selves; I hope *Coffo-Philo* will
undo all we have done, and at last will destroy this ill-found-
ed Arbitrary Court; but since it is so, come, let's go and
wait the good hour.

Enter *Shackles*, *Bub*, *Brandy*, coming
into Court almost out of breath.

Shackles. May it please your Highness, we have taken
Coffo-Philo's Books, seized his Goods, and left a Guard in
his house.

Pluto.

Philo. Well done; but who have you left there besides?
Shackles. Mrs. Sorrow, and her Children.

Philo. Damme, have ye not turn'd them out? 'twill prove
 a mischief; run and do it now, or else we shall lose all.

Shackles. Wee'l go; But Sir, we mist narrowly of him:
 for had it been but dark, or no body present but my Com-
 rades, it had been done, you know what I mean. — I, alas
 I laugh at Man-slaughter,
 (shews his hand.)
 Come, away, away.

Actus II. Scen. I.

Enter *Shackles*, with *Brandy*, and Soldi-
 ers, into *Coffo-Philo's* Closet, while
Mrs. Sorrow, and her Children
 were crying in the same room.

Mrs. Sorrow. Pray Gentlemen give me leave to take such
 Papers as belong to other men.

Shackles. Damn you, and your bawling Imps: touch a
 Paper, and I will run this Sword into your belly.

Brandy. What great book is that, Damme I will have it:
 who hath your Husband's Cloak and Perriwig?

M. Sorrow. You, for any thing I know.

Shac. You lye, I have them not; for *Instrument* hath the
 Cloak, and *S. Edw. Lack-Latine* hath the Perriwig.

M. Sorrow. By what Authority do you act this, Gentle-
 men?

Shackles. Go look, Is it not enough that *Philo* sent us?
 behold our carriage, by that you may know whom we serve.

Servants.

Sorrow. to *M. Sorrow*. Mrs here is a Gentleman at the door desires to speak with you.

M. Sorrow. I come to him (He goes out). Enter *M. Sor.* with the Gentleman.

M. Sorrow. Here is a Gentleman that hath been with my L. General, who believes your breaking into my house, and behaviour there, is contrary to Law. This will be examined one day.

Shack. Go hang your self till then : we serve a Captain General.

M. Sorrow. However, pray *M. Shackles*, let me have a Bed for my Children.

Shac. Not to save your life, I had rather be hanging you, as I must your Husband.

M. Sorrow. Then take off the Soldiers that keep Guard in my house, and burn out wastfully my Fire and Candles.

Shac. Speak such another word, and I will turn your neck round, you damn'd bitch-whore!

M. Sorrow. O unheard, but condemn'd Innocence!

Shac. You *Brandy*, and the rest, look to the Books and Papers, and take them all up, dispatch, send for Porters and Carts, and carry them all away to *Claro's* Court; and for you *Brandy*, after I am gone, I will get a Guard constantly to be kept in the house, you shall overlook them : your chief diligence must be to dog *Sorrow's* Children, and by that means take *Cuffa-Philo*.

Brandy. Bravely contrived Seignior *Shac*.

Exit Shackles.

Well Gentlemen, I must have one Quatern and a Pipe.

I'll but step. There are the Keys, see that nothing be stirred.

Cap. Honestly a soldier. Poor woman, here is my self, and Lieutenant *well-meaning* ; as also *Ms. Merly drawn in*, are heartily sorry that the Rogue *Shackles* useth you thus : Nor is his baseness in words and threats all ; for if ought come in

in his way, he will stuff his breeches full of Linen, and one thing or other every time he goes home sticks to his Limb-
twig Fingers.

Lt. *Well-meaning*. That Rogue *Shackles* will be hanged, so will *Brandy*.

M. *Ser*. Pray Gentlemen, as you seem to be civil, get me but my great Bible, and my Childrens cloaths out, and I will hold my self much engaged to you for your kind Charity.

Cap. *Honesty*. Mist, your Childrens cloaths were carryed away last night; I must tell you, I see two of *Pluto's* friends with *Practise*, take Hangings and Pewter.

M. *Ser*. Thank you Gentlemen—— but I hear *Shac*. his voice.

Enter Shackles.

Shackles. Gent, we have taken *Coffo-Philo*, and his Brother; we fetcht them out of *London* by *Pluto's* only Power; but a pox take him, the Judge hath taken Bail, and things go cross, neither power above nor below can hurt him, he is so clear from what he is Indicted for: what then will become of the brave Swearing against—— I would I had the *200 l*. I gave *Proserpine* for my *Shackles*. I have brought my self doubly into trouble, for I kept *Coffo-Philo's* Brother in my house Prisoner 24 hours: but this is my comfort, the Court is now sitting, where they are going on with such unheard of ways, that I am sure we shall master this great *Hog*—— but I would fain have him dead or banished, And it shall not want for swearing if that will do.

Tip. Here is Cap. *Swear-at* all would speak with the Court: *Plato*. Call him in.

Cap. *Swear-at*. May it please your Highness, *Coffo-Philo* and his brother are taken, and are bailed.

Pluto. Damn ye for a fool, I would not have had it known that he was Bailed: hang your self and your news, get you out of the Court.

Cap. Swear. Damn me? damn you, and your Actions? is this all I have for my news?

Exit.

Pluto. We must clog this *Coffo-philo* and his Brother with feigned Actions. Now, *Practice*, and *Lack-Latine*, *Instrum.* and all to work, and use your wits.

S. Lack. I will presently make an Oath in the *Dutchy* that he owes me 500*l.* and I will make it such a Debt as shall colour our seizure of his Goods and House.

Enter *Tipstaff*, with a *High-Constable*.

Tipst. Mr. *Constable*, this is the place of the unlawful Assembly, which my Mr. told you of, and according to your Warrant, pray disperse this Arbitrary Court: if you w'ont help, M. *Posse Comitatus* is now passing his green wax Roll before 4 of my Ms. Stewards.

Const. Sir I will first knock at the Court door, and send in my business by one of their own Officers: and if I receive any opposition, then I will trouble M. *posse Comitatus*.

Tipstaff. Knock then. Now I — *Constable Knocks.*

Surribus. Who are you Sir, that are so rude by knocking to disturb our Court?

Const. I take you to be rude to ask me such an impertinent question, I must tell you and your upstart Court, I am come from my Master, and I am a sworn Servant to his Honour, and have in my Hundred, 50 sworn Servants under me: but why do I trouble my self with giving you an account? I tell you my Master's name is *MACMURDOCK*, and if you will but look out into the street, you shall see what a goodly, strong, well composed Gentleman he is.

Surribus.

Surribus. Pray Sir, give me leave to look out and take a view of him, for I would be glad to know your Master, that I may give an account to the Court of his Quality and Train.

Const. Do then, and tell the Court I stay without, and expect to be called in.

Surribus goes, and looks out as the dore, and presently as affrighted returns.

Surribus. *Pluto*, defend me, what do I see! why, on my Conscience our *Pluto*, with all his Train, is but a *French Musbrom* to this goodly sight, I have enough, O the presence of that man, I pray Heaven it sets not an end to our Rule.

Exit with all the rest.

A&t. III.

The Stage being prepared, and the Court sitting, Enter *Surribus* almost out of breath.

Surribus. Oh, Oh, O me! — May it please your Highness, yonder are without 2 surly fellows, and into the Court they will come: one's name is *Tip-tip-the-Staff*, and the other a downright blunt fellow, I think they call him *Constable of Height*, and he says he is a sworn servant to M. *Carter*, and Ms. *Magna*! pox on't 'tis a hard name his Mast. is call'd by; but may it please you, and as I suppose it will not be very pleasing to your Highness, He stands in the street, whither I looked and saw him, a pox on him, he almost frighted me; *Carter* call you his name, blefs me! I tremble to think on him; and he hath with him another like himself, I think they call him M. *Pelision of rights*: I am sure I am not mistaken in his name.

Plate. Damn thee for a dull Rogue, thou tellest us an imperfect story without head or tail: nay, thou art so shallow, that thou canst not remember his name; *Carter*, a plague on him, what *Carter* dares bethus bold?

Surribus. Sir, you interrupt me; there are with this *M. Magnus* or *M. Carter*, twelve grave and well countenanced Men wrapt in Lambskins or Furr; and besides, there were I know not how many more in Quouises like my Grand-mother, and such a number of men in black long robes, that I wondered what they were; and thrusting them, I perceived some of them had Pens and Inckhorns by their girdles, others were taking Notes, and all addressed themselves to this longnamed man, who has 30 odd additions to his name, some call them *Chapters*, as 12th. 7th. 29th. &c. I hearkened to their Language, and by and by in another place one repeated *Anno. 9. Hen. 3.* another read *tertio* and *quinto* of *Edw. 3.* the hearing of this (for I took them for Conjurers) has almost frighten me out of my wits: And I assure you, that one of the Gentlemen in Furr is as like that troublefom fellow that sent me to the University of *Newgate* to commence, for beating my Shoemaker that was so bold as to ask me for money, he lent me to pay my Dr. that cured me of a *Clap*; but I am sure for one of those Furred Gentlemen, I have seen the Constables beat away the Coaches and Car-men out of his way in the street; Nay, I am sure he is the man that sent *Cap. Bub*, *Brandy* and *Elufter* to *Newgate*, for hunting on the high-way near *Barnet*.

Shac. By your favour, *Surribus*, it was neither *Bub* nor *Brandy* that was sent, 'twas *Cap. C.* and *Cap. A.* and they poor hearts were hanged: but poor *Blaster* was wronged in that business, for I was the man; Only I took his horse, and thence grew the mistake: but I was glad the Rogues did not peach me, and my Dun cropt Nag: O sweet *Hounslow-Heath*.

Pluto. My freinds, no differences now, for every one must help : I smell a Rat, and therefore be loving, and build up one another, else our Kingdom is short-liv'd.

Prof. sp. Who to take this man to be, that this long imperfect story is told of, I know not, I begin now to be afraid.

Plut. Pox damn him, 'tis that fart of a fellow, old troublesome *Magna Charta*, We are bound to see the worst of it; Call in the *Constable* — but be sure no difference appear, not any altering of Countenance — Throw out a *Demy Oath* or two, look fierce and big, and shake your *Swords* and *Carbines* now and then — Call him in, call him in.

Shackles goes, and returning, Enter with him *Constable*, and *Tipstaff*.

Pluto. Friends, if I may so call you, what is your business, and the reason of your haste? you see we are Arm'd, and do you think with those two wooden sticks, and your hasty words, to frighten us? Let your Mast. be who he will, dammee he is but a clown, he is not *a-la-mode; per ma foy, parle vous Francois.*

Constab. Sir, I care not for your high words, nor your Conquered Nations *Gibble Gabble*, my Mast. will be hard enough for you at any Language, for several of his Attendants are clad in *French* and *Latine*, which he will force you to understand, though you could neither Write nor Read: But Sir, in plain English, in my Mast. name, from whom I am come, and by his Authority to me committed, I Adjourn your Court, with all its Arbitrary proceedings, for ever and a day.

Pluto. You Adjourn my Court, your Mast. can have no Cognizance of what I do.

Const. Yes Sir, but he has, and will take Cognizance of you, and your Actions; for *Coffo-Philo* hath delivered him a Petition, which was the cause of his sending me.

Pluto. Damn *Coffo-Philo*, and your Mast. too: Gentlemen, stand to your Arms, We will not be surprized.

Proserp. Pray, hold, *Pluto*, let us hear who his Mast. is, you are the most passionate — that ever was. Sir, —

Const. pray tell me the name of your Mast.

Const. Why, Madam, so I would; but *Pluto* plunders my meaning before I speak, as friends and foes were plundered in *Britain* — *Welch* for that.

Pluto. Dammee Rascal, do you speak of *Oxford* or *Newark*: Sirrah, be your Mast. what he will, he durst not then have stirred, I have hanged as good men as you, a *High-Constable* or two in a morning for not — dogs, must I hear this, and wear a *Sword*?

Prof. Constable. Go on, pray go on.

Const. I say, my Mast. is *Magna-Charta*, a very old man. He was born in *Nano* of *Henry* the 3d. and then Christned: his Godfathers were the *King*, *Lords*, and *Commons*: thirty Parliaments have since that been Witnesses of his Confirmation, and attested his birth and power; he hath such a trick in Nature, that every Parliament gives and adds strength to his days: And I must tell you here of this pretended Court, that my Mast. hath a small Officer called *Posse Comitatus* belonging to him, that will fall foul with you, and disperse you, if you resist his Power: besides, his Children the *Commons* love him so dearly, that they will raise Money, Men, Armies, and all to preserve him, and keep his Honour inviolable.

Enter

Enter *Venire Facias*.

Ven. Fac. "*Pluto, Prof.* and you the rest of the black Instruments of darkness, I am come to cite you to appear in "*Mens. Michael.* before my Malt. *Magna Charta*, in his great "*Hall at Westminster*, to answer *Coffo-Philo*, and 500 younger "*brothers*, with *Pierce-bears*, Sir *John Morley*, old *Cicel*, "*our neighbour at Enfield*, with many others; as the *Military ground men*, and *Fitton* : — where you are to answer "*for many Riots, wrongs, and high misdemeanors.* And "*therefore Constable dis-arm them.*

Pluto. Your M. *Troublesome*, I will have *l'argent per ma foy*; or else I'll not part with my Sword.

He resists, and there arises a bustle, and in the burly burly Exeunt *Ven. Fa. Const. and Tipstaff.*

Proserp. Now these vexatious varlets are fled, Pray Husband get what money you can, I do not like this *Magna Charta*; for I have heard *Haly* the first, and worst say, that *Magna Charta* cares no more for a Lord, or Great Man, than you do for a *petit frépone de la Guard* : Nay, he says, That he has prosecuted the highest Subjects, and sometimes hanged them, as *Empson*, *Dudley*, and 100 more of his Infringers : I'de have you for avoiding danger, to buy a *Bashaws* place in *Turky*; for methinks I could make a rare *Bashaw's* wife; There is no *Magna Charta*.

Pluto. Pox damn it, there is a kind of little *Magna Charta*, that is the *Alcoran*, and *Bow-strings*, and I hate *choaking*; besides, the *Tanisaries* are as mutinous as our common Soldiers, and often knock their *Kisier* on the head; Nay, the *Grand-Seignior*, if a *General* do but cheat him in his Muster-Roll, sends him a *Bow-string*; and then — he may go hang himself. *Prof.*

Proserp. Is it possible? *ser faire la Gran Seigney*; what then will you do with this damn'd English *Magna Charta*?

Pluto. S. Edw. Lack. now we know it is *Magna Charta* that takes *Coffo-Philo's* part, we had best while we are together to examine our own strengths and weaknesses. And therefore Wife I beg your silence, till we have examined *Cap. Intelligence*, who is ready to make Report, are you not Captain?

Cap. Intel. Yes Sir, but I cannot give an account to the Court of all: for one of *Sback*. setting dogs, with *M. Want-Practice*, sit close at *Coffo-Philo*, whence in a little time you will know much more; in the mean time, I must beg all the Honourable persons of this Court, that they will take no exceptions till I have told out my tale.

Pluto. You shall not be interrupted.

Cap. Intel. Then first, for you *S. Edw. Lack.* there is a man here in Town that knows you ever since your Mother sold Ale: and that after you came to be *M. Harper's* boy at *Chester*, you made *Practice*, which since you have well improved --- I --- and he knows of the Letter that got you your *Barr-Gown*, and the occasion: and told all the story of your contrivance with *Granger*, and the false Oath you made against *C* --- to get his Goods: yours is too long a story to relate, therefore here is your black Bill of Fare in writing, signed and examined by *Alex. Fitten, Carr*, and *Percival Hart*, but transcribed by *Coffo-Philo*.

For your part *M. Practice*, your name is like an infectious disease --- honest men never use your name, but they do as the Papists, at the name of the Devil, sign themselves with the Cross, or God bless me from that Knave in grain *M. Practice*.

As to you *M. Instrument*, you are known in *Cheshire*, ever since you led your Fathers Pack-horse that carryed his Pedlers Ware; but known better by the name of *Engine Dick*, that informed against the *Cavaliers* in *S. Geor. Booth's* business:
and

and then, as your Father was made a Sequestrator, so you had 3*s. per diem* allowed you by those Usurpers, to attend the Sequestrator; yet they held you but for a silly fellow: and S. Edw. Lash. for 20*s.* preferred you to be his *Instrument*.

But for you *Shackles*, you are called in *London, lying, broken Disk*, who coufened all your Creditors, and to the great disgrace of the Guards sheltred your self from your just Debts: but to hear *Coffe-Philo* tell the story of your life, how often imprisoned, and how you were condemned to be boyled alive in Oyl for a Coyner, would make one wonder: in a word, you are hated even amongst your own Comrades.

For you *Brandy*, your life is generally scandalous and infamous for beating your Wife, although she often — deserves admonition, or something else, or her Neighbours do her wrong: but laying aside a bushel of ill qualities, that which S. Edw. Massey tells of you, is unpardonable, how you would have killed him when he declared for the King at *Glocester*; and was the last man of the Soldiers that opposed Gen. Monk in *Gloucester*: the story is too large to relate, therefore take S. Edw. Massey's own Certificate.

For you *Bub*, you are looked upon as a poor spirited fellow; that for a dinner, bub, and ease, will swear any thing: the most empty-scul'd, cock-brain'd fellow that ever was made a Cuckold: your Neighbours call you *fool-mouth*, and *blew-lips*.

Pluto. Pray, Cap: hold a little, what do they say of my Wife: speak freely, (*wife you shall not be angry.*)

Cap. *Intel*. They say, that *Proserp.* though the grey mare is the better horse, and wears the breeches, playing away her money freely, many an undone younger brother hath been set at *Humber*, *Pique* in a night.

Proserpina.

Proserp. Pray Husband let me speak a word; you did allow me the selling of 5 or 6 places in a year, and then I had 300 *l.* a year for my allowance, besides other ways of proging for money, therefore I may afford to Play, 'tis my own: only, I confess I owe *Coffo. Philo* 300 *l.* which I borrowed on my Jewels; as you have heard.

Pluto. Pray where is my Charge, *Cap. Intelligence?*

Cap. Intell. There it is in writing, take it, with a comment upon it, and a many great Authorities against all your unjust Arbitrary proceedings; and I have put you to the cost of one copie of the Statute of *Anno tertio Car.* and the reason why I brought it, is, because your Highness is much blamed for sending your two Daughters into *France* to be bred Papists in a Nunnerie, where your eldest daughter *Charnock*, torments her self, and cries out, she will be a Protestant, or else she will destroy her self, to the great admiration and pitie of Sir *Thom. Arpe*, who hath sent to have the poor young Ladie sent for away to *England*. —

Nay Sir, should I have paid for all the copies of the Charge against you, my 4 *s.* a day would not have held out: but I must have a dead pay for what I have done already, or else you may — go look.

Pluto. Dear *Cap. Intell.* read them to me, and then we will Adjourn the Court; or else this foolish troublesome fellow *Magna Charta* will secure us all under his Shackles.

Pratt. Give me the papers I will read them.

Pluto. Prithee do, and I would have you Sir *Edw. Lask.* to make notes on what you have read.

Pract. Anno 9. H. 3. Cap. 29. *Magna Charta* runs thus.

No Free-man shall be taken or Imprisoned, or be disseised of his Free-hold, or Liberties, or Free-Customs, or be Outlawed or Exiled, or any other ways destroyed: Nor We will not sale upon him, nor condemn him, but by lawful Judgment of his Peers, or by Law of the Land; We will sell to no man, We will not deny or defer to any man either Justice or Right.

Plato. Read no further of that, which is the next?

Pract. Sir there are so many more, that it would be too tedious a work to read all: but if you please I will read the Conference between the Lords and Commons, concerning this great liberty of the Commons.

Plato. Pray do, but if there be any Latine, pray English it as you read, because of Sir *Edw.* and my self.

Pract. I will read it.

The Commons having taken into their serious consideration the matter of personal Liberty, and after long debate thereof on divers days, as well by solemn Arguments, as single Propositions of Doubts and Answers, to the end no scruple might remain in any mans breast unsatisfied; they have upon a full debating, and clear understanding of all things pertinent to the Question, unanimously declared.

That no Free-man ought to be committed or detained in Prison, or otherwise restrained by the Command of the King or Privy Council, or any other, unless some cause of the commitment, detainer or restraint be expressed, for which by Law he ought to be committed, detained or restrained.

And they have sent me with others of their Members, to represent unto your Lordships the true grounds of such their Resolution, and have charged me particularly, leaving the

reasons of Law and Presidents for others to give your Lordships satisfaction, that this Liberty is established and confirmed by the whole State, the King, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, by several Acts of Parliament; the Authority whereof is so great, that it can receive no Answer: save by Interpretation or Repeal by future Statutes; and those that I shall mind your Lordships of, are so direct to the point, that they can bear no other exposition at all, and sure I am they are still in force.

The first of them is, the Grand Charter of the Liberties of England, first granted in the seventeenth year of King John, and renewed in the ninth year of King Henry the Third, and since confirmed in Parliament above thirty times; The words are thus, Cap. 29. *Nullus Liber homo Capiatur vel Imprisonetur, aut Dissestetur de Libero Tenemento suo, vel libertatibus, vel Liberis consuetudinibus suis, aut utlegatur, aut exuletur, aut aliquo modo destruat, nec super eum ibimus, nec super eum mittemus, nisi per Legale Judicium Parium suorum vel per Legem Terræ.* These words, *Nullus Liber homo*, &c. are express enough, yet it is remarkable that Matthew Paris, an Author of special credit doth observe Fol. 432, that the Charter of 9. Hen. 3. was the very same as of the 17. of King John (*in nullo dissimilis*, are his words,) and that of King John he setteth down *verbatim*, Fol. 342, and there the words are directly, *Nec eum in carcerem mittemus*; And such a corruption as is now in the print, might easily happen twice. 9. H. 3. and 28. E. 1. when this Charter was first exemplified; but certainly there is sufficient left in that which is extant to decide this question, For the words are, *That no Freeman shall be taken or Imprisoned, but by the lawful Judgment of his Peers, which is by Jury Peers for Peers, ordinary Jurors for others who are their Peers, or by the Law of the Land, which words (Law of the Land) must of necessity be understood in this notion, to be by due Process of the Law,*
and

and not the Law of the Land generally, otherwise it would comprehend Bond-men (whom we call Villains) who are excluded by the word *Liber*; for the general Law of the Land doth allow their Lords to Imprison them at pleasure without Cause; wherein they only differ from the Free-men in respect of their persons; who cannot be Imprisoned without a cause: And that this is the true understanding of those words (*per Legem Terra*) will more plainly appear by divers other Statutes that I shall use which do expound the same accordingly; And though the words of this grand Charter be spoken in the third person, yet they are not to be understood of Suits betwixt party and party, at least not of them alone, but even of the King's Suits against his Subjects, as will appear by the occasion of the getting of that Charter, which was by reason of the difference betwixt those Kings and their People, and therefore properly to be applyed unto their power over them, and not to ordinary questions betwixt Subject and Subject. Secondly, the words *Per Legale iudicium parium suorum*, immediately preceding the other of *Per Legem Terra*, are meant of Tryals at the King's Suit, and not at the prosecution of a Subject; And therefore if a Peer of the Realm be Arraigned at the Suit of the King upon an Indictment of Murder, he shall be Tryed by his Peers, that is Nobles, but if he be appealed of Murder by a Subject, his Tryal shall be by an ordinary Jury of Twelve Free-holders, as appeareth in 10. E. 4. 6. 33. H. 8. Brook titl. Tryals 142. Stamford Pleas of the Crown, lib. 3. cap. 1 folio 152. And in the 10. E. 4. it is said, such is the meaning of *Magna Charta*, by the same reason therefore as *per iudicium parium suorum*, extends to the King's Suit, so shall these words *per Legem Terra*. And in 8. E. 2. Rot. Parliament. memb. 7. There is a Petition that a Writt under the Privy Seal went to the Guardians of the great Seal, to cause Lands to be seized into the King's hands; By force of which there went a Writt out of the Chancery to the Escheater to seize against the form of the

E 2

grand

grand Charter, that the King nor his Ministers shall out no man of Free-hold without reasonable Judgement; and the party was restored to his Land, which sheweth the Statute did extend to the King. There was no invasion upon this personal Liberty, till the time of King *Edward* the Third, which was afterwards consented by the Subjects & for in *Edw. 3. cap. 9.* it is ordained in these words;

It is Enacted, That no man from henceforth shall be attached by any accusation, nor forejudged of life or limb, nor his lands, tenements, goods, nor chattels seized into the Kings hands, against the form of the great Charter, and the Law of the Land.

25 E. 3. cap. 4. Is more full, and doth expound the words of the grand Charter: And thus;

Whereas it is contained in the great Charter of the Franchises of England, that none shall be imprisoned, nor put out of his Freehold, nor of his Franchises, nor free Custom, unless it be by the Law of the Land: It is accorded, assented and established, That from henceforth none shall be taken by petition, or suggestion made to our Lord the King, or to his Council, unless it be by Indictment, or Presentment of his good and lawful people of the same Neighbourhood, where such deeds be done in due manner, or by process made by Writ Original at the Common Law; nor that none be out of his Franchises, nor of his Free-holds, unless he be duly brought in answer, and forejudged of the same by the course of the Law: And if any thing be done against the same, it shall be redressed, and holden for none.

Our

Out of this Statute I observe, that what in *Magna Charta*, and the Preamble of the Statute is termed by the Law of the Land, is in the body of this Act expounded to be by process made by Writ Original at the Common Law, which is a plain interpretation of the words (*Law of the Land*) in the great Charter. And I note, that this law was made upon the Commitment of divers to the Tower, no man yet knoweth for what.

28 *E. 3. cap. 3.* is yet more direct (this Liberty being followed with fresh suit by the Subject) where the words are not many, but very full and significant.

That no man of estate or condition that he be, shall be put out of his lands, nor tenement, nor taken nor imprisoned, nor disherited, nor put to death, without he be brought in answer by due process of the Law.

Here your Lordships see the usual words of the Law of the Land are rendered by due process of the Law.

36 *E. 3. Rot. Parl. n. 9.* Amongst the Petitions of the Commons, one of them being translated into English out of French, is thus;

First, That the great Charter, and the Charter of the Forest, and the other Statutes made in his time, and in the time of his Progenitors, for the profit of him, and his Commonalty, be well and firmly kept, and put in due execution, without putting disturbance, or making arrest contrary to them by special command, or in other manner.

The Answer to the Petition, which makes it an Act of Parliament, is,

Que.

Our Lord the King by the assent of the Prelates, Dukes, Earls, Barons, and the Commonality, hath obtained and established, That the said Charters and Statutes be held, and put in execution according to the said Petition.

It is observable, that the statutes were to be put in execution, according to the said Petition, which is, that no arrest should be made contrary to the statutes by special command. This concludes the question, and is of as great force, as if it were Printed; for the Parliament Roll is the true warrant of an Act, and many are omitted out of the Books that are extant.

36 E. 3. Rot. Parl. n. 20. explaineth it further, for there the Petition is :

Item, As it is contained in the Grand Charter, and other Statutes, that no man be taken, nor imprisoned by special Command without Indictment, or other due process to be made by the Law, and oftentimes it hath been, and yet is, that many are hindered, taken and imprisoned without Indictment, or other process made by the Law upon them, as well of things done out of the Forrest of the King, as for other things, that it would please our said Lord, to command those to be delivered which are so taken by special Command, against the form of the Charters and Statutes aforesaid.

The Answer is,

The King is pleased, That if any man And himself aggrieved, that he come and make his complaint; and right shall be done unto him.

37 E. 3. cap. 18. agreeth in substance; when it saith,
 Though that it be contained in the Great Charter; that no man
 be taken, nor imprisoned, nor put out of his Free-hold, without
 process of the Law; nevertheless divers people make false sug-
 gestion to the King himself, as well for malice, as otherwise,
 whereof the King is often grieved, and divers of the Realm put
 in damage, against the form of the same Charter; wherefore
 it is ordained, That all they which make suggestions, shall be
 sent with the same suggestions before the Chancello; Treasurer,
 and his grand Council, and that they there find Sureties to
 pursue their suggestions, and incurre the same pain that the
 other should have had, if he were attainted, in case that his
 suggestion be found evil: And that then process of the Law be
 made against them without being taken and imprisoned against
 the form of the said Charter and other Statutes.

Here the Law of the Land in the grand Charter is explain-
 ed to be without process of the Law.

42 E. cap. 3. At the request of the Commons by their Peti-
 tions put forth in this Parliament; To eschew mischief and
 damage done to divers of the Commons by false accusers which
 oftentimes have made their accusation more for revenge and sin-
 gular benefit, than for the profit of the King, or of his people;
 which accused persons, some have been taken, and sometime
 caused to come before the Kings Council by writ, and otherwise
 upon grievous pain against the Law: It is assented and accord-
 ed for the good governance of the Commons, That no man be
 put:

put to answer without presentment before Justices, or matter of Record, or by due Process and Writ Original, according to the old Law of the Land. And if any thing from henceforth be done to the contrary, it shall be void in the Law, and holden for Error.

But this is better in the Parliament Roll, where the Petition and Answer which makes the Act, are set down at large.

42 E. 3 Rot. n. 12. The Petition.

Item, Because that many of your Commons are hurt and destroyed by false Accusers, who make their accusations more for their revenge and particular gain, then for the profit of the King, or his people; and those that are accused by them, some have been taken, and others are made to come before the Kings Council by Writ, or other Commandment of the King, upon grievous pains, contrary to the Law: That it would please our Lord the King, and his good Council, for the just government of his people to ordain, That if hereafter any accuser purpose any matter for the profit of the King, that the same matter be sent to the Justices of the one Bench, or the other, or the Assizes, to be enquired and determined according to the Law: And if it concern the accuser or party, that he take his suit at the Common Law, and that no man be put to answer without presentment before Justices, or matter of Record, or by due Process, and original Writ, according to the ancient Law of the Land; And if any thing hence forward be done to the contrary, that it be void in Law, and held for Error.

Here

Here by due Process and Original Writ, according to the ancient Law of the Land, is meant the same thing as; *Per Legem Terra in Magna Charta*; and the abuse was, That they were put to answer by Commandment of the King.

The Kings Answer is thus :

Because that this Article is an Article of the Grand Charter, the King will that this be done as the Writition doth demand.

By this appeareth, that *Per Legem Terra in Magna Charta*, is meant by due Process of the Law.

Thus your Lordships have heard Acts of Parliament in the point; but the Statute of *Westminster the first cap. 15*, is urged to disprove this opinion, where it is expressly said, That a man is not Repleviable, who is committed by the command of the King; therefore the Command of the King without any cause shewed, is sufficient to commit a man to prison. And because the strength of the Argument may appear, and the Answer be better understood, I shall read the words of that Statute, which are thus :

And forasmuch as Sheriffs and others which have taken and kept in prison persons detained of felony, and oftentimes have let out by Replevin such as were not Repleviable, and have kept in prison such as were Repleviable, because they would gain of the one party, and grieve the other. And forasmuch as before this time it was not certainly determined what persons were Repleviable, and what not : but only those that were taken for the death of a man, or by Commandment of the King, or of his Justices, or for the Forest. It is provided, and by the

King commanded, that such prisoners as before were outbailled;
 and they which have adjured the Sheriff, probors, and
 such as be taken with the manner, and those which have broken
 the Kings Prison, Thieves openly defamed and known, and
 such as be appealed by probors, so long as the probors be living,
 if they be not of good name, and such as be taken for burning of
 houses feloniously done, or for false money, or for counterfeit-
 ing the Kings Seal, or persons excommunicate taken at the re-
 quest of the Bishop, or for manifest offences, or for Treason
 touching the King himself, that he in no wise Repleviable by
 Common Writ, or without Writ; but such as be indicted of
 Larceny by Inquest taken before the Sheriff or Bailiffs by their
 office, or of light suspicion, or for petty Larceny, that amount-
 eth not above the value of twelve pence, if they were not guilty
 of some other Larceny sometime, or guilty of receipt of felons,
 or of sedition, or of force, or aid in felony done, or guilty of
 some other trespasses, for which one ought not to lose life or
 member; And a man appealed by a probor, after the death of the
 probor, if he be no common thief, nor defamed, shall from hence-
 forth be taken by sufficient Surety, whereof the Sheriff will
 be answerable; and that without giving sight of their goods.
 And if the Sheriff or any other let any go at large by Surety,
 that is not Repleviable, if he be Sheriff or Constable, or any
 other Bailiff of the which hath keeping of prisons, and thereof
 be attainted he shall lose his Fee and Office for ever. And if
 the under-Sheriff, Constable, or Bailiff of such as hath Fee
 for keeping of prisons, do it contrary to the will of his Lord, or
 any

any other Wapling being not of Fee, they shall have three years imprisonment, and make a Fine at the Kings pleasure: And if any withhold prisoners Repleasable, after that they have offered sufficient Surety, he shall pay a grievous Amercement to the King; And if he take any reward for the deliverance of such, he shall pay double to the prisoner, and also shall be in the great mercy of the King.

Plus. Dam me, this is a damn'd Argument, I do not like it; for by this I find I have run into a *Præmunire*, for keeping *Coffophilo* and his Brother in Prison under *Shackles*, and keeping guard in his house: neither can you, Gentlemen, keep your plunder by this Argument to try by Peers: Why, there was never the peer of this.

Shackles. Pray Sir, who shall Captain *Bub*, and *Brandy*, and my self keep harmless? I find the Proverb true, *He that is born to be hang'd, shall never be boy'd in Oyl.*

Brandy. Will swearing do no good to hang this *Coffophilo*?

Plus. Peace, Gentlemen, we shall have need of all your swearing: Oh that a Jury would believe! here are arant Knights—of the Post: stand to it *Shackles*, you shall all swear and be d——

Bub. Tis true: *Post Practice* you swore home to hang your Country-men, when they were for the King, at the rising in *Lincolnshire*.

Plus. No rubbing of old sores, Gentlemen, here is a new Ulcer will want curing.

Bishop. Do not quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll teach you your Neck-verse. Would to Heaven I might have the favour to read mine. Such of you as are without benefit of my Function, as some of you are, and therefore I will make you Paper Wills, that shall last seventeen year in the lining of a doubler.

Pratio. Pratio. Pray read that damnd Statute against Captains couling and defrauding their Prince and Souldiers, there is two of them, read them both, the one of Henry the Seventh, and the other of Henry the Eighth.

Pratio. I will.

Ann. 1. Hen. 8. cap. 5. Forasmuch as the King our Sovereign Lord intendeth, by the grace of God, to send over the Sea a great Army, trusting thereby, not only to preserve this his Realm in its ancient faule and honour, &c.

Whereby, many times by the inordinate cabefoulness of Captains retained with Princes, afoze this time, Great part of the number of Souldiers for whom such Captains have indented with Princes at time of need, have lacked of the number of Souldiers; whereby great jeopardy hath ensued, & irrecoverable damages may ensue, if remedy therfore be not seen and had; We it therfore ordained by Authority of this present Parliament, That if any Captain be retained, or hereafter shall be, to serve the King upon the Sea, or beyond the Sea, or in feat of War, which have not his or their whole and perfect number of Men and Souldiers, according as he shall bee retained with the King, or give not them their full wages, without abridgement, as he shall receive of the King for them; he shall for such default, forfeit to the King all his goods and Chattels, and his body to the prison; and that every Captain and petty Captain, and all other, having under their retinue of Souldiers at the Kings wages, shall, upon the pain aforesaid, pay to the retinue of the Souldiers, and every of them

them: the wages rateable, as is allowed unto them, by the King our Sovereign Lord, or the Treasurer of his Treasurie, without taking, or withdrawing any part thereof, &c.

The Statute of *Anna septima H. 7. cap. 1.* is also very strict against your Highness; but, Sir, I will read one Statute more to this particular.

Anno secundo et tertio Edwardi sexti, Cap. 2. And he it also enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That if any Captain, or any other before named, having the Order of any number of Souldiers serving as is aforesaid, upon the Sea or Land, do at any time after the first day of April, demand, receive, or take of the Kings Highness, or any of his Treasurers, any wages for any more Souldiers, then served in such manner and form, as the wages was paid for, or for any more days, then such Souldiers served, and do not note the day of every Souldiers entry into wages, and day of his death, and departure, and deliver the same in writing to such Treasurers as shall pay the wages, &c.

Plus. Hold, this is worse and worse.

Præ. Give me leave to read but one Statute more, and that is against sending Children to be bred beyond Sea in Papist houses.

Anno tertio Caroli Regis, cap. 2. Forasmuch as divers illaffected persons to the true Religion established within this Realm, have sent their Children into foreign parts, to be bred up in Popery, &c.

Be it Enacted, &c. That in case that any person or persons, under:

under the obedience of the King, his Heirs and Successors, at any time after the end of this Session of Parliament, shall pass, or go, or shall convey, or send, or cause to be sent or conveyed any Child, or other person, out of any of the Kings Dominions, into any the parts beyond the Seas out of the Kings Obedience, to the intent and purpose to enter into, or be resident, or trained up in any Priory, Abbey, Monastery, Popish University, College, or School, or House of Jesuits, Priests, or in any private Popish Family, and shall be there by any Jesuits, Seminary Priests, Friar, Monk, or other Popish Person, instructed, &c. being thereof lawfully convicted, in, or upon any Information, Presentment, or Indictment as aforesaid, shall be disabled from thenceforth to sue, or use any Action, Bill, Plaint, or Information in course of Law, or to prosecute any suit in any Court of Equity, or to be committed to any Ward, or Executor, or Administrator, or any person capable of any Legacy, or Deed of Gift, or to bear any Office within the Realm, and shall lose and forfeit all his Goods and Chattels, and shall forfeit all his Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments, Rents, Annuities, Offices, and Estates of Free-hold, for and during his natural life, &c.

Plac. Read no farther, I am guilty of all these Statutes, and many more; and therefore *Proserpine*, I will immediately make my Will. Call the Ordinary, he hath a rare faculty in making Wills in Paper, to last seventeen years in the lining of a Doublet.

Pyss. I have not half done, give me leave to read all.

Plac. Read all and be damn'd.

Proff.

Pract. Hen. 3. Anno 9. cap. 30. Magna Charta runs thus:

No Freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned. or be disseised of his Freehold, or Liberties, or Free Customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise distrayed, nor we will not put upon him, nor condemn him, but by lawful Judgement of his Peers, or by the Law of the Land; we will sell to no man, we will not deny, or deferre to any man either Justice, or Right.

Pluto. Read no further of that, which is next.

Pract. The next is the Learned Conference in *Caroli primo*, between the Lords and Commons, concerning the Great Liberties of the Commons.

P.uis. Prithee read, but when you come to Latine, English it as you go, because of Sir *Edward* and my Self.

All the Stage being cleared,

Enters Pluto, Sir Edward Lack Latine, Bishop, Post Practice and Instrument.

P*ost Practice.* Sir, I am not satisfied, that your Highness should make your will yet, for Sir *Edward* and I have lately consulted; and fain would be at the other touch.

Edw. Right; I am resolved to venter my Neck after my Ears, 'tis but a venture; and now you have money good stood store, you do not know, but *Cressphile* may either die, or be tired out for want of money.

Pluto. Well, let me hear which way now, Gentlemen, how

how many Actions is now against him? and how many have been tryed?

Practice. We have tryed in all seventeen, and there yet remains five more.

Pluto. How many hath he cast us in?

Sir Edw. All.

Bishop. I am for no more Tryals, till my Trial be over for my Perjury.

Instrum. Bishop, let me tell you, your Parishioners are now totally your enemies, since they heard you was such a Knave, to plead the Ingagement, in Barre to a poor Cavalier-Minister, that sued you in the late Times for money; his name was *Green*, a poor sequestered Minister, whose Conscience was not free to take the Ingagement: and thus the poor Gentleman lost his suit. Your Wife may well be mad, if half be true, as I was told by one of your Parish, the child sent in the basket——

Pluto. Hold, no more.

*Enter Shackells with a Note from
Pluto's Council.*

Shackel. Sir, pray read this.

Pluto. What is't *Shackel*?

Shackel. 'Tis Latine.

Pluto. Read it.

Sir Edw. Lack-Las. Practice, give it me, *Carol. second. Dei gratia:* How! what this attach the body of *Pluto*——

Pluto. O me Good Behaviour! I am a Peer.

Instrum. I, there is not the Peer of your Highness: now, what's to be done?

Pluto. Did not *Proserpine* tell us that *Magna Charta* cared no

no

no more for a Great man, then if he were *petite frepone de la gard* in a just cause.

Sir Edw. May it please your Highness, I would have you remove *Carry* by Writ to the *Fleet*, by this means it may be done; First, enter three great Actions against him and his Brother in the Exchequer, next, file two Bills in Chancery, and take out five other Writs to torment him if he stir abroad: This will do his business.

Plato. How, in my own name, or his Lawyers?

Sir Edw. Lack. There is *Monsieur Francois Pemberton*, he that pick'd the hole in your evidence against *Coffophilo*; next, *Seignior Francisco*, alias honest, just, and able *Viningtonienses*, and Honourable stout *Colmansburg*, Grave, and as honest *Symsoniack*. Lastly, *Seignior Osley Lego*.

Plato. Damme that—he—*Lego* is down right a name of War—*Lego*—*Leiger*, a Town besieged; I will send these five Hectors of the Barre, five Tryers, or five Hecks will they fight?

Sir Edw. O no Sir.

Plato. Damme, I will send for French Lawyers—sons of the little French Lawyer, they shall both fight them, and carry the Judge a Challenge too, if need require.

Pratt. Pray send your Dub to fight one of them.

Plato. How do you mean? at Law?

Instrum. Pox on him, he is rotten, give him Sack and Tobacco, and he'll make a shift to bawl; but Law, as Plato observed, he hath none.

Bishop Gentlemen, all's to no purpose, let us fall to making of Wills, for I see that what we intended against *Coffophilo*, hath overtaken us, as the Poet hath it.

*Fallite fallentes ex magna parte profanum
Sunt genus: in laqueos, quos posuerunt cadent.*

Cousen the Couseners; commonly they be
Profane: let their own snare their ruine be.

Ordinary. Tell me Sir, what you would have done, and I will use my uttermost skill.

Pluto. Write there! Whereas I Pluto being surprized with an infectious Disease, arising by frights, from the breath of Westminster-Hall, and finding my courage not sufficient to bear my Distempers, though once I thought I could have bristled Death, and silenced, or at least outbraved Magna Charta, do make this my last Will and Testament in manner following:

Imprimis, I give to Fittion all his Estate, hoping he will let you, my Doctor, be Parson of Gansworth, and also suffer Sir Edward Lack-Latine, Edward Dicket, and both the Holling-heads to enjoy their Leases I gave them for their good Services: you know Sir, they will stick at a mark, if swearing will do it, as well as Instru-ment.

Item, I give Mr. Blundall his Estate, but the Rogue that betray'd him a Halter.

Item, I give Delamere Forrest to the Commoners and right Owners, onely I cannot forget the damn'd Clowns that rose against us, when we went to enclose their Common.

Ordinary, Pray Sir be not disturb'd, but go on.

Pluto. Item, I give the Military Ground and House to the Military Company, but for their Goods
and

and Library, they'r gone— Gentlemen, you all
 shar'd in that plunder, but you Instrument more
 especially.

Ordinary. Pray be not in passion, but go on.

Plato. Item, I give Sir John Morley the Grant
 of Newcastle, with the Honors, because his Grant
 is older then mine, and the Country doth not love me.

Item, I give fat Will Loven his project of get-
 ting the Harringtons Estate, forfeited for Treason,
 and relapsed to the Crown ever since Hen. 7. and
 Hen. 8. If I had gone on with that design, I should
 have added to all my other wickedness, the ruine of
 many Families.

Item, I give Percival Hart his Estate, because
 that damn'd blockhead Ward, together with you
 Lack-Latine and Instrument put me upon so open
 a design.

Item, I give Enfield Chase to the right Owner
 old Salisbury, because he hath two Lives in the
 Chase before me.

I would give Halsall to satisfy the Mortgage, and
 pay my Fathers debts, but Damme, Proserpine will
 want Tools for Cards and Dice.

For that Rogue Cossophilo, Magna Charta
 threatens he will Administer, as chiefest Creditor,
 and pay Cossophilo his damages.

And now my worthy Friends of the Sword and

the Law, and the rest of the Faculties, I do desire your excuses, for I am spent, and do not find any surplusage of Estate, which will remain as Assets to bequeath to you; only I give you free leave either to hang, drown, or poyson your selves, any way to speed and hasten your passage to our Infernal Kingdom.

And lastly, for you my Dear Proserpine, I am glad I took thy counsel, and sold my Place, for ready money will do thee good when I am gone; and if this Cossophilo were by thy industrious Art knockt on the head, peradventure our Tragy-Comedie would never come upon the Stage: But alas! it nippeth my Soul to think, that Mortals shall Act thy Part and mine on their Stage, with the Worlds Applause, to our eternal Infamy.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Spectators, is it your desire to find
Such *Witty Jest*s as please a joyful mind?
Go seek them where th' are, sure th' are to be had,
'Tis not VVits recreation to be sad.
VVit must avaunt, with all its Levities,
VVhere heaviness becomes the Obsequies:
For, if't be true, sad Objects do require
Sad Thoughts, sad VVords, and sad Attire.
Then do not (pray) my *Muse* for dulness tax,
Since lighter Phanseys sute not with her blacks.
But, stay my *Muse*, thy Lines let **PLUTO** read,
They will conduct him to a Grave or Bed;
VVhere, when the Curtains drawn, each active part
will move, without instructions from Black Art;
His nature motive is, in quest of ill,
Stated in mischief, all *his* ablest skill;
Neither know right from wrong, til wrong be done.
Fix Nature will, to condemn'd Customs run:
Unchangedly, who to his sins can set
A certain end, when hath he never met
Blushes once from his hardned forehead thrown,
VVho is it sins, and is content with one?

No.

No, no, our **PLUTO** hath many in store,
 And longs to Ad them ore and ore:
 But *Magna Charta* stopp'd his intent,
 By a late Attachment, which he sent.
 Unto Sheriff — to execute,
 VVhich makes the Devil very mute;
 And now stands bound unto his good behavior
 And must neither kick, nor strike, nor swinge
 And therefore now, since *Pluto* is in bands,
 Let each with me rejoyce, and Clap their hands.

Read Wed. Apr. 22. 1793.

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But say my May, thy Lines let **PLUTO** read;
 They will conduct him to a Grave or Bed;
 VVhere, when the Curtain's drawn, each give part
 Will move, without stirring from Black Art;
 His nature moves in dust of ill;
 Stated in mischief, all his subtle skill;

FINIS

Neither know right from wrong, til wrong be done
 The Nature will as soon be Custom run
 Interchanged, who to his sins canst
 A certain end, when hast he never met
 Blushes once from his pardoned forehead thrown
 VVho is it now, and is content with one?